O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*: ſeeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweete ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,
VVas wont to ſwell like round & orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eies,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde tearmes begd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me, and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eies.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other do,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you, my ſweete Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me-thought I was enamored of an Aſſe.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita.